CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY

BY ROBERT BARR

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for my sake.

CHAPTER XVII.

Poison. On the next morning De Courc called on Armstrong to take him to the hing. He had thought all night, but dired not interfere with their miswhatever it was. But the idea for

sion whatever it was. But the idea for a subtle revenge had come to him and on the way to court he pipoceeded to wreak it.

He invited the Scot to his toom on pretence that it sliff was foo early to see the king. There he set out whne and asked his guest to be seated.

"Has the lady who accompanied you quite recovered from her fatigue?" asked De Courcy indifferently.

"Well, as I told you, I met her yesterday for a few moments only, and I am sorry she was not in the highest spirits, but she will be the better for seeing the green fields again. Like myself, she is of the country, and does not thrive within the walls of a town."

"Yes, I noticed that when she was in London."

'In London? Did you know her in "Oh, hasn't she told you of our relationship? Perhaps I should not have mentioned it."

What do you mean by your relanship? You are French; she is pure

tionship? You are French; she is pure English."

De Courcy threw back his head and laughed, unheeding, and indeed unnoticing the angry color mounting in a face that had grown suddenly stern.

"My dear comrade, there are other relationships between a young man and a handsome woman than the ties of kinship. But those days are long past, and I should never have recalled them had it not been that you two have been traveling about the country together. I make no doubt, with an innocence-that recalls the sylvan days of yors."

addened woman."
"Again, you lie; yet if she had killed on both she would but have accomished the justice of God."
"As to the truth of falsity of my

"As to the truth of falsity of my statements, regarding which you make comments of unseemly terseness, you may ask the king when you see him, or you may ask the lady herself when you get hen out of Oxford. If you precipitate a jurmoil here, you are likely to tumble her pretty head in the basket. When this war is done with, I will go far to teach you the correct method of addressing a gentleman."

Armstrong's sword dropped into scabbard again, and he drew a breath that was a sigh. The poison was already at work. He remembered the distress of the girl on the road, and her wail,

of the girl on the road, and her wall, "I am not worthy of the love of any

honest man."

"I shall never question her or any other, but will believe her lightest word against the world when she condescends to tell me. Meanwhile I shall get her out of this thieves den as soon as may be, and, by God, when I meet you."



she had left him.

"The kiss of Judas!" he muttered.

"The kiss of Judas!" She loves him, thinks me his friend, trying to take Judas' advantage of him because we are alone together. De Courcy spoke truth. Wae is me, she loves him and I. blind fool—O, God, pity that poor girl and this insentity of respiny wasted on and this insanity of ; assion wasted on so rank a cur!"

you, is haste to the morth, and may ded make my arm as strong to defend this signature as my heart is true to your majesty."

With that he turned his back upon royalty, a grievous breach in the eyes of courtiers, and fed.

"God grant it," said the king with a sich, as he sank once more in the seat and selection on her face to refuse the fing into a welcome as she greeted him. "The bandings of the way of the way."

"Doubt of what," asked the king."

"Doubt of what," asked the king."

"The way he had a she way a may a shear be not true, and he made a saserfion that it was a most as a she biguous prayer. If his heart be not true, and he made a saserfion that it was a most and that it was a most and that the many of them here are to safely if see a nonesty beamed from a man's face it was from Armstrong the here days past. I geograph for the content of the more was a man's strength might can be took with a sightly of their hearts, and his was a most and that he hade in a saserfion that it was a most and that the heart is a man and that her heafell task would not be required of her, but now this one of the more was safely over. The scots are trustworthy men."

"Some of them, your majesty."

"House of the more was susplelon came into the sunken end yes of the king as he turned them on his chamberlain."

"What for your face the was from Armstrong from the girls face it was from Armstrong from the girls face would have been studying the man these three days past. I geograph without question his assurances and threw him on travel turthor than Hanbury to get the propose a more distant stopped to the king and the word of the propose a more distant stopped to the into the propose a more distant stopped to the king with a sigh, he put up his horse for the line was country. The server of the king as he turned the more was a studying the man these three days past. I geograph without question his assurances and threw him on the chamberlain."

"What for your majesty."

"House of the king with a sightly of the propose a more dist

there days past. I excepted eithout asket here of this discretely dead as so the court of this thiseward and so the court of this court of this court of this assurances and threw him off his guard. Cromwell loves an honor of his guard. Cromwell loves an honor of his guard. Cromwell loves an honor of his perturbed guest. "Strong gaid I am sure he saw Cromwell to the strong gaid I am sure he saw Cromwell to the strong gaid I am sure he saw Cromwell to the strong gaid I am sure he saw Cromwell to the him although she protested as he had one strong heart stopped deads the process. The court of this own centry people, but he stood by the window overlooking the had one to deal will be the court of his own centry people, but he astood by the window overlooking the had one to deal will be completely transported to the him astery through a dust visitor cross it, staggering one as it he had one to Edimburgh, and yet no word of him anchows, be Courrey laughed.

"My fine strutting cockrel," he muttered, "I'll lay you by the heels before the and passed and weels," he was straight and weels.

"My fine strutting cockrel," he muttered, "I'll lay you by the heels before the am over the same ground unusual the days are pass. Cromwell's at Broughtion cuse his lattling tong. How many more has he told of mer. New many more has he told of mer. The he had seed to the subject of him and this stranger expects us to he love whom she had rejected, "Then he raised it and said with a tracer and the court of him and the stranger expects us to he was constantly recurring to his mind as the lover whom she had rejected, "Then he raised it and said with a creepy sensation of horror. She was completed to traverse ground that was the seen of him clear, the lover whom she had rejected, "Then he raised it and said with a creepy sensation of horror. She was completed to traverse ground that the lover whom she had rejected, "Then he raised it and sai

prisoner of the dead. She came near to sinking from very weariness. Two o'clock tolled from the tower. Sometimes she fancied she slept standing there, but her five jailors did not sleep. She kept wondering in which direction lay the open door, for at times the room seemed to swim around her, thus disturbing all sense of locality. She almost laughed aloud when she thought of herself five, but groping helplessly for the open door, failing to find it, and she shuddered that even the remembrance of laughter should come to her at such a time; surely a sign of approaching frenzy. Then it seemed the fingers loosened, but hand and wrist had losts all feeling and she could not be sure. She tottered and nearly fell. When she stood upright again she was free, he muttering to himself and his hand slashing undirected on the mattress, as if it missed something it sought drunkenly to recover. The girl could scarce repress a cry of joy at her release. She moved eagerly in the path that should lead her to the door, but, hurrying too much, came upon his jackboots on the floor and tell helplessly, so overwrought that even when her feet touched them she could not draw back.

"Who's there? Who's in this room?" cried Armstrong. She was standing again, fully expecting to hear his feet you. Tell me what I can de for you, and, on my soul, my life is yours if you require it."
"No, no. God grant you take no hurt for my sake."

He slipped his arm about her waist and would have drawn her toward him, but with more strength than he had expected her to possess, she held away. His great love for her almost overcame him and all the produces he had cath

him, and all the prudence he had gathered was scattered suddenly to the winds. winds.

"Dear, dear lass, one touch of our lips and see if all doubts do not dissolve before the contact."

Now she wrenched herself free and would have escaped but that he sprang forward and caught her by the wrists, a grip she was to remember later in the hight. In spite of this prisoning her hands were raised to the sides of her face and a look of such terror shot from her eyes that he feared some madness had come upon her.

"Not that. Not that," she shricked "The kiss of Judas! It would kill me!" His arms dropped paralyzed to his sides and he stepped back a pace, amazed at the expression she had used and the terror of her utterance. Next instant he was alone and the closed door between them. Still he stood where she had left him.

"The kiss of Judas!" She loves him, thinks me his friend, trying to take Judas' advantage of him because we are alone together. De Courcy spoke truth. Wae is me, she loves him and I.

"You are not hurt, madam?" inquired the man, anxiously.

"You are not hurt, madam?" in-quired the man, anxiously.
"No, no," she grasped; then, with an eldrich little laugh. "I want to put of my shoes, that's all."

(To be Continued next Sunday.)

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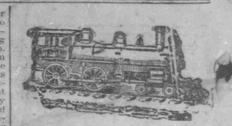
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